



Faithfully by uglyandproud

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Summary: Billy Hargrove didn't believe in love when he moved from California to Hawkins, Indiana. That was until a boy named Charlie Stevenson proved him wrong. (Billy Hargrove/Male OC)

1. Chapter 1

Hawkins High School

1984

9:43 am.

"You're sure you'll be okay without me here? It's just filling out your part of the paperwork..." the redheaded woman asked.

Billy looked up for what seemed like the billionth time and nodded. His eyes wandered to the shorter redhead girl standing next to the woman. Her green eyes stared right through him, as if she had laser vision or something.

"Yeah, Susan. I'll be fine," Billy muttered.

Susan nodded and placed her hands on the shoulders of the little girl next to her, to get out the door. She spoke a soft "let's go, Maxine" as they left. Billy rolled his eyes once they were gone. He slouched in his chair as the woman behind the desk came around to hand him the clipboard with the rest of his paperwork on it.

The office of the high school was small and Billy stretched his legs all the way out. It was so small that his feet barely touched the bottom of the large desk. But he continued to sit there, skimming through each part of the papers. He filled them out as quickly as he could. He felt like this was a huge waste of time. There were at least ten pages of nothing but blanks. Billy wanted nothing more than to be back in California again.

After a few minutes, the office door opened and all Billy saw from his view behind the clipboard was a white pair of shoes that stopped before they reached his outstretched legs. His blue eyes shot up to see that those shoes belonged to some fluffy haired student with a plain gray sweatshirt on.

"Can you please move your feet, I'm uh, trying to get through," the guy asked, his voice stern and monotone.

Billy rose an eyebrow and lowered the clipboard and his eyes wandered from his shoes to his hair. The student's dark eyes looked right at him, waiting for him to move his feet. Billy's jaw moved, preparing to say something, but the guy beat him to it.

"Jesus Christ, how hard is it to move your feet?" he grumbled under his breath to where only Billy could hear it. He stepped over Billy's long legs and found himself standing in front of the secretary who sat behind the desk.

Billy squinted his eyes at the back of the guy's head which was full of fluffy black locks. This guy had a lot of nerve. The guy then turned around, eyeing the seats that were available. There were only two, so he took the one farthest from Billy, leaving one seat between the two of them. Billy wasn't afraid to turn his head and look right at the guy who pissed him off.

"I was gonna move my feet, dumbass," Billy stated, his voice low and his lips close together in anger.

The guy turned his head to just glance at him. His somewhat long hands rested on the armrests and he slouched only a slight bit.

"Didn't look like it to me," he retorted back, not even making eye contact with Billy.

Billy eyed him as he thought of something else to say. He had black hair that came down to where his neck and back met and his cheekbones and jawline was something people only saw on movie stars. Why the hell was someone like him going to a school like this, in the middle of nowhere? He was used to seeing someone who looked like that back at his old school in California, but he wasn't expecting to see it here in Indiana.

Billy took a breath to say something more, but was no sooner interrupted by the secretary behind the desk.

"Charlie, the principal is ready to see you now," she said.

The fluffy haired guy rose up and stepped over Billy's legs, not even bothering to ask him to move this time. But Billy was more focused

on the name that he had. *Charlie*? His name was Charlie? Of all the names in the world and his name was Charlie. Billy couldn't help but chuckle to himself.

"Mr. Hargrove, are you almost done with all that?" the secretary piped in.

Billy gave a small sigh and rolled his eyes, as he looked back at the clipboard. She took that as a no. The hatred that he had when he first entered the office began to come back. He didn't see why he had to do all this, and why the hell his dad had to move them all the way to Hawkins, Indiana of all places.

He was perfectly happy in California. All his friends were there, he lived near the beach, the girls were all over him, Billy saw nothing wrong with leaving. Billy blamed his dad for getting remarried and causing them to move pretty much all the way across the country. It was cold in Indiana, nothing compared to the California sun. Billy considered just packing his things and driving his Camaro all the way back home, without giving a shit as to what his family or anyone thought. Indiana would never be his home.

At the end of all his paperwork, Billy quickly signed his name and pulled his legs back so he could stand up. He walked up and placed the clipboard on the desk for the secretary. He stuffed his hands into the pockets of his denim jacket and turned toward the door.

"Not so fast, Mr. Hargrove," the woman behind the desk blurted out.

He spun back around. The look of disappointment was written all over his features.

"What?" he asked as if she was bothering him.

The lady furrowed her eyebrows at his attitude, but then brushed it off, understanding that he was new and all that. She flicked her wrist out at him with the clipboard still in hand.

"Here," she began. "Take this back with you to the principal's office."

Billy blinked a couple times, wondering if he heard her right.

"Did you say principal's office?"

The woman nodded. "That's what I said."

She pointed to the closed wooden door that stood quite a few feet behind her. Billy took the clipboard, his mouth slightly agape. The woman watched as he basically strutted back to the closed door and used one knuckle to knock on the door. A man's voice said "come in".

When Billy stepped inside, he saw a well-dressed man sitting behind the large desk in what looked like a comfortable chair. On the other side, in the less comfortable looking chair sat none other than Charlie.

"Come right in, that seat next to Charlie is free!" the older looking man said, more cheerfully than Billy was expecting. "Oh, I'll take those papers from you."

Billy handed the clipboard to the principal and took a seat next to Charlie, who still refused to look in his direction. The principal flipped through the paperwork and Billy sat on the edge of his seat, hoping to get out of there as soon as possible.

"I'm sorry for the hassle with all this, it's just something we gotta do when we get new students," the principal told him.

Billy gave a brief nod. He slowly bounced his foot up and down, waiting for the principal to just tell him that he was free to go. But that didn't happen. He watched as the principal flipped through his papers, taking his sweet ass time to read every word.

"So you're from California, Mr. Hargrove?" the principal inquired.

His lips were pursed together out of irritation. Billy exhaled sharply through his nose.

"Yeah, I am."

The principal nodded his head quickly, thinking that was the coolest thing ever.

"What's it like there?"

Billy rolled his eyes and he heard Charlie chuckle to himself. Billy whipped his head around to face Charlie, who immediately lost his smug smile. Charlie cleared his throat and situated himself in his chair to regain his composure. Billy sighed and turned back around to face the principal.

"It's a hell of a lot different than this place," Billy snidely remarked.

The principal lost the cheerful look in his eye and placed the clipboard on his desk. He proceeded to fold his hands and leaned forward to rest his arms on the desk.

"So you're probably wondering why you're in here," the principal stated.

"Yeah, no shit," Billy remarked.

The principal rose one eyebrow, taken off guard by what Billy had said. Billy sat back in the chair, not really seeing anything wrong with what he said.

"Don't talk like that in my office," the principal sternly told Billy. "But for new students, we assign them a someone that will help them around the school, help them navigate their way around the school, you know, stuff like that."

Billy sighed and tilted his head back to where it hit the wall. He didn't need a mentor, he could easily find his way around the school.

"So who's this so called mentor that you're forcing me to hang out with?" Billy sighed.

The room fell silent and the principal pointed over at Charlie.

2. Chapter 2

There was nothing but silence between the two of them as they left the high school office. Billy walked ahead of Charlie. He really didn't want to talk to this guy. He didn't need help finding his way around the school. Back home, his old high school was three times bigger than this measly school, so Billy was sure he could find his way around this place. Billy turned to the right once he got out into the hallway.

"Um, the high school is this way," Charlie mumbled, but just enough to where the dirty blond haired male could hear him.

Billy froze in his tracks and quickly spun around. His face was hot with embarrassment, but he strutted over to Charlie as if nothing happened.

"Why the hell didn't you tell me before we left the office that we were supposed to go this way?" Billy grumbled.

They were now walking side by side, but with a foot or two in between them. Charlie shrugged.

"You seemed to know what you were doing, so I didn't say anything," Charlie started to laugh. "Turns out you didn't."

Billy rolled his eyes. "Shut the hell up. Who puts the middle and high school in the same building anyway?"

Charlie gave another quiet laugh. "It's Hawkins, what do you expect?"

Billy's eyes wandered to the floor, not really knowing what to say. He was usually a talkative and social person, but when talking one on one with someone, he felt lost.

"I'm Charlie by the way," the dark haired male said, holding his hand out to Billy, his voice full of bashfulness.

Charlie was never one for talking to anyone that he didn't know. Billy hesitated just for a second before placing his hand in Charlie's hand to shake it.

"I'm Billy, I don't know if the principal already said it in there or not, since he kept yappin' about how great this school is," Billy chuckled.

They pulled their hands away and Charlie led him down another hallway. Each side of the hallway was covered in white lockers.

"Don't listen to him, this place really isn't that great. I'm originally from Ohio and my middle school was a whole hell of a lot better than here," Charlie stated.

"Oh, Ohio, huh? That sounds pretty-

"Charlie, there you are! I was looking all over for you." A red head girl smiled running up to the pair of boys.

Charlie beamed at the sight of the girl, and the two shared a quick yet loving kiss. After they pulled away, her eyes landed on the unfamiliar boy. She arched an eyebrow in confusion and looked at her partner for answers.

"April, this is Billy. He's new here and they wanted me to show him around for the week." Charlie explained. April's suspicious look turned into a look of acceptance.

A white and wide smile shown on her face as she looked at Billy. Both of Billy's eyebrows were raised as he was not expecting this girl to show up at all. She wore a red bow in the back of her hair and had on a white top with red polka dots all over it. Her jeans were tight and rode high on her waist.

Students were starting to file out of classrooms and crowd the hallway. All these kids looked different from the kids in California. They were all pale and looked like they were from a lower class. Billy leaned back against the locker, only to have April reach across Charlie to tap him on the sleeve of his jacket.

"Hey, we're gonna have lunch later, maybe you'd like to join us?" April said, sounding really perky as she talked to him. "Charlie, shouldn't he join us?"

Charlie's shrugged. The tranquil look on his face didn't change.

"I mean only if he wants to, if he has other plans or-"

"I'd be happy to," Billy piped up.

April showed that wide smile again and looked up at Charlie with that same overjoyed expression on her face. This girl was way too happy for Billy's liking. Billy watched as Charlie pulled his girl in to kiss her on the top of her head, as she closed her eyes and basked in the simple gesture. This was awkward to say the least and he knew it wasn't his place to say anything, being the new guy and all that.

Back in California, Billy had girlfriends, but they never really lasted that long. The longest relationship he ever had lasted six months. Besides that, his relationships lasted only a few dates or one night stands. Billy knew he really wasn't ready to commit to anyone. He thought at this age there was so much more to focus on than loving someone else.

"I'll see you both at lunch, okay?" April giggled as she was still hanging off of Charlie. Right before Charlie's lips met her's, she pulled away to where her eyes met Billy's. "It was nice meeting you, Billy."

Billy gave a solemn nod. "You too."

April turned back to Charlie, seeing the look of irritation on his face at the fact that she had cut off their kiss. She proceeded to giggle a little more before they finally kissed goodbye. Billy rolled his eyes. It wasn't that he didn't like April, he just couldn't see himself standing to be in a romantic relationship with her. As April left, Charlie turned his attention back to Billy.

"We should get to class. You're in my next class," Charlie pointed out.

They were back to walking next to each other down the hallway. The silence was back as well before Charlie wasted no time saying something else.

"I'm sorry about that, back there. Usually I'm not hanging out with anyone when April shows up," Charlie apologized.

The blue eyed male furrowed his eyebrows together.

"Why the hell are you apologizing? She wasn't bothering anyone," Billy grumbled.

Charlie let out a frustrated sigh. "Well, you were there, I just wanted to make sure you weren't annoyed with all that."

"That's your girlfriend, man. I wasn't gonna say anything, it's cool."

A shy smile showed on Charlie face. Billy chuckled a little.

"So how long have you two been together?" asked Billy.

Charlie started to blush a little, thinking about April. "About 10 months. This December will mark a year of us being together."

"Must be exhausting," Billy commented.

Charlie gave him a confused look. Billy immediately knew he shouldn't have said that.

"I mean being with someone for that long. I personally don't see how anyone can stay with someone for so long," Billy stated.

The dark haired male chuckled a little, kind of understanding where Billy was coming from.

"I never really believed in love until I met April," Charlie told him. "But enough about me, what about you?"

Billy arched an eyebrow. "What about me?"

"Have you ever been in love before?" asked Charlie.

Charlie then watched as Billy started to laugh more than he had before.

"What's so funny?" Charlie questioned.

Billy calmed down a little and his eyes met Charlie's. He began to shake his head back and forth.

"No, I've never been in love before," Billy answered, a frown coming over his features.

From the serious tone in Billy's voice, Charlie knew he shouldn't ask him anymore questions, but he couldn't help himself.

"You never loved anyone when you lived in California?" Charlie asked.

The blond haired male shook his head again. "Nope. I mean, dated some girls, if that's what you're getting at. But those relationships really didn't last that long. Love's just not for me, I guess."

Charlie nodded, his eyes wandering to the floor. "Sorry."

"What for?" Billy asked, a soft laugh left his mouth.

"For prying. We just met and I'm already asking you personal shit," Charlie answered.

Billy bit his bottom lip and exhaled just a bit. "Don't be. You're stuck with me for a week, might as well get that stuff out of the way first."

Charlie liked the way Billy saw the situation. Normally, people would tell him that "he should know better than to talk about those things", but Billy wasn't like those people. He underestimated Billy at first. At first, he thought he was nothing but some too cool for school California boy, but he wasn't. Maybe being stuck with him for a whole week wouldn't be all that bad.

"Um, uh, here we are, senior English, the most boring class in the school," Charlie nervously stated, once they reached the classroom they were looking for.

Charlie opened the door, and gestured for Billy to walk in. "After you."

Billy chuckled to himself when he saw the goofy grin Charlie wore. He walked into senior English with Charlie following behind him.